THE

NIGHTINGALE.

"THE LEAST, THE LOVELIEST OF THE TUNEFUL TRAIN."

No. XXXIII.—SATURDAY, JULY 23d, '96.

The Moraliſt. No. X.

A CHRISTIAN ÆNIGMA.

THERE is a ſmall number of people ſcattered here and there in the world, of whom authentick hiſtory gives the following odd deſcription:

They partake of fleſh and blood in common with the reſt of mankind, and yet are not of *this* world, but are born *from above.*

Their members are *mortified*; yea, their bodies are *dead*, yet full of *life*, *activity*, and *vigour.*

Their *life* is ſupported by *ſeeing* an object, which is *inviſible*, and which no man *can* ſee and *live.*

They walk not by *ſight*, but ſtill they walk in the *light*, and *ſee* whither they go.

There is in them more *careſullneſs* than in other people, and yet they are *careful for nothing*, and caſt all their cares upon another.

Though they *take no thought for tomorrow*, yet they conſtantly *look forward*, and diligently provide for the *time* to *come.*

While they *croſs* and *deny* themſelves, they invariably purſue their own *pleaſure* and intereſt.

Their converſation is *without covetouſneſs*, and yet they *covet earneſtly* the beſt things.

They are *content* with ſuch things as they have, and ſtill *ardently reach after* ſome things, which they *have not*.

They are ſo *poor*, that they *have nothing*, and ſo *rich* that they *poſſeſs all things*.

Though they are *not their own*, they are *freemen*; though *ſervants* to all men, they are *free* from all, and *under bondage to none*.

They *love* their relatives, friends, and neighbours, yea, all men as themſelves; and yet *hate* father and mother, brethren and ſiſters, wives and children.

Though they are *ſubject* to rulers, *obey* parents, and *honor* all men, yet they call no man their *father*, or their *maſter* upon earth, and will not be the *ſervants* of men.

They delight to be often *alone*, and when they *are alone*, then they are in the beſt *company*, and enjoy the ſweeteſt *communion*.

Though they have put away all *bitterneſs*, *anger* and *malice*, there is in them, for this reaſon, the more *indignation*, the more *revenge*.

They *bear* all things, but *fight* daily; follow *peace* with all men, but *contend earneſtly*, and are engaged in a continual warfare.

They are *without ſtrength*, but *can do all things*, and they are then *ſtrongeſt*, when they are *weakeſt*.

This ſeems perhaps a ſtrange character, but it is a real one, and it is much to be wiſhed it was more common——when it is general, the world will be happy.

ALAS! my ſoul! thou pleaſing tenant of the body, thou feeling thing that art now deſerting it! Whither art thou flying! To an unknown ſcene! All trembling, fearful and penſive! what now is become of thy former wit and humour? Thou ſhalt jeſt and be gay no more.

Literary Amuſements.

[*The following ſummary of* Literary Information, *we with pleaſure inſert, not only to convince its ingenious author, that his ſtrictures upon the* Nightingale, *are received with candor, but to gratify our readers, with an "one ſight view" of the various publications which will ſoon be iſſued from American preſſes. If our paper be deficient in originality, let thoſe geniuſes, who condemn it on that account, impute the blame to themſelves.—We preſent them with an "Album"—if they refuſe to enrich its pages with their productions, we muſt fill them with exotic ſelections.*]

[FROM THE FARMER'S WEEKLY MUSEUM.]

MONSIEUR Volney, a late celebrated traveller through Syria, is now on a viſit to America; and has addreſſed a circular letter, in one of the public papers in Philadelphia, on the ſyſtem of winds. After ſtating that he had been for many years in the habit of collecting facts, tending to explain the machaniſm of winds on the globe, he wiſhes to aſcertain, from Americans, the hiſtory of general and cuſtomary currents of air and their geographical courſe. All perſons, intereſted in this branch of ſcience, are invited to tranſmit by the firſt of December 1796, anſwers to a ſeries of queſtions propoſed by this learned and inquiſitive Frenchman. The Editor, who thinks with Mr. Volney, that from ſuch knowledge of the air currents, commerce, navigation and even huſbandry, might derive a new ſource of induction and bold calculation, earneſtly wiſhes, that men of philoſophical reſearch would give the ſolicited aſſiſtance. The future volume of Volney, on this curious ſubject will be a valuable acceſſion of ſcience, No man who has peruſed the

works of this traveller can doubt his abilities. *Gibbon*, comparing him with *Savary*, declares that he has been *inſtructed* by the firſt, and *amuſed* by the ſecond. Such high praiſe would not have been given raſhly by an acute remarker, had it not been deſerved——The Philadelphia printers, always diſtinguiſhed for the luſtre of their type, and the texture of their paper, have proceeded to the ſecond number of a ſplendid national work, a Hot preſſed *Bible*. —The hiſtory of Connecticut, ſo romantically related by the *lying* Peters is undertaken by the Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, and will ſhortly appear. A ſtate ſo reſpectable for its republican virtues, and the ingenuity of its learned, as Connecticut, deſerves dignified deſcription, and, from the well known abilities of the family, the name of Trumbull will be a ſufficient voucher of the merits of the "Hiſtory" in expectancy—A "ſyſtem of the laws of Connecticut," by Zepheniah Swift, Eſq. has juſt appeared, and is much admired by the profeſſion. It would do good ſervice to the law ſtudents in Maſſachuſetts and New-Hampſhire, to undertake a work of the ſame nature in thoſe States. Tyros are now obliged to wade through the "Serbonian bog!" of Bacon, and peruſe innumerable pages of Britiſh precedents, as foreign from the practice of our domeſtic courts, as the *Brehon* code of the Iriſh, or the tranſactions of a Saxon *Folkmote*!—Mr. Findley, a late member of Congreſs, has narrated the inſurrection of the weſtern counties. We hope that the ſtyle and moral of this work will equal Minot's, which, checked the ſpirit of inſurgency in Maſſachuſetts nearly as much as it was by the energy of Bowdoin and the arms of Lincoln.—Meſſrs. Wm. Spotſwood and Joſeph Nancrede have iſſued propoſals, at Boſton, for publiſhing by ſubſcription two very valuable and novel works, "The Studies of Nature" by the celebrated St. Pierre, and "Zoonomia, or the laws

of Organick life" by Dr. Darwin, the Poet and Philoſopher. It is almoſt ſuperfluous to remark that, from the known profeſſional ingenuity of the printer, they will be executed in a good ſtyle of *preſs* neatneſs. A proſpectus of theſe works, and a ſpecimen of their intended type and paper may be ſeen, by applying to the publiſher of this paper. Gentlemen would do well, no leſs as patriots than ſcholars, to encourage correct *American* editions of valuable books.—Several numbers of a periodical work, intitled "The Nightingale" have appeared at Boſton. It is a literary paper and its plan reſembles the "Bee," of Dr. Anderſon. Many of its departments are well filled, but there is a paucity of original matter, and the triteneſs of the "Selections," offends veterans in literature. The conductors of this work muſt receive candidly the above and enſuing hints. To enſure celebrity, they muſt endeavour to derive their foreign matter from *unexplored* Britiſh ſources, they muſt, at any rate, engage men in the front rank of literature, and have nothing to do with the rawneſs and pedantry of Cambridge. Style has not been a little infected with the *ſephomorical* ſoleciſms of that ſeminary. The whipt ſyllabub of a *Commencement* day may refreſh an empty and heated crowd, but is loathed by more correct taſte. The good ſenſe and judgment of its preſent ingenious editor have ſcarcely preſerved *parts* of the Maſſachuſetts Magazine from oblivion, for no other reaſon than becauſe the *mere* and *jejune* themes of a College have crept into that literary vehicle.—Except the Nightingale, there is a woful lack of brilliant compoſition at Boſton. The inhabitants of that *mercantile* place are ſo conſtantly engaged in gazing at the rates of inſurance, or the manifeſt of a ſhip's cargo, that they have few reading hours, and prefer a crowd on *'Change* to a lounge in the library. ERISSOT has recorded the

encouragement of letters in that boaſted Port, which ſays, "I ſit a queen and there is none beſide me." The author of a ſmall, but invaluable narrative of the conſpiracy of Shays could not indemnify himſelf for the expenſe of an impreſſion, and the elegant Hiſtorian of Hampſhire was obliged to print by peace meal! Againſt his *natal* city, the writer of this article, will not lift a cenſuring voice. He is young, conſequently raſh; perhaps partial. But poſterity appreciate juſtly, and poſterity will condemn that ſupine indifference which neglects, and that criminal parſimony which refuſes to reward abilities, like thoſe of modeſt Minot. Hardly will it be credited that the political ravings of the Chronicle compoſe much of Boſton literature, and that a Belknap, Minot, Clarke, Gardiner, Elliot and Philenia will not write becauſe there are none to read. It is a loſs to the republick of letters, it is treaſon againſt taſte to have ſuppreſſed the energies of minds like thoſe of the authors of the "Jacobiniad," and "The Virtues of Nature."

"They will not write, and more provoking ſtill,
Ye Gods! they will not write and Dunces will."

FROM THE STUDIES OF NATURE.

WHILE ſome Philoſophers aſſign to every ſpecies of dog a common origin, others aſcribe a difference of origin to Man. Their ſyſtem is founded on the variety of ſize and colour in the human ſpecies; but neither colour, nor ſtature, are diſtinctive characters, in the judgment of all Naturaliſts. According to them, colour is merely accidental; ſu perior ſtature only a greater expanſion of forms. Difference of ſpecies ariſes from the difference of proportions: Now this characterizes that of dogs. The proportions of the human body no where vary.

The black colour, within the Tropics, is ſimply the effect of the heat of the Sun, which tinges in proportion as he approaches the line. And it is, as we ſhall ſee, one of the bleſſings of Nature. His ſize is invariably the ſame in every age, and in all places, notwithſtanding the influence of food and climate, by which other animals are ſo powerfully affected. There are breeds of horſes and of black cattle, double the ſize the one of the other, as any one may be convinced, by comparing the large artillery horſes of Holſtein, with the ſmall poneys of Sardinia, no taller than ſheep; and the huge Flanders ox, with the diminutive one of Bengal; but from the talleſt to the ſhorteſt of the human race, there is not, at moſt, the difference of a foot. Their ſtature is the ſame, at this day, as it was in the time of the Egyptians; and the ſame at Archangel as in Africa, as is evident from the length of mummies, and that of the tombs of the ancient Indians, found in Siberia, along the banks of the river Petzora.

The ſomewhat contracted ſtature of the Laplanders is to be imputed, I preſume, to their ſedentary mode of living; for I have obſerved, among ourſelves, a ſimilar contraction of ſize in perſons of certain occupations, which require little exerciſe. That of the Patagonians, on the contrary, is more expanded than that of the Laplanders, though they inhabit a latitude as cold, from their greater diſpoſition to be moving about. The Laplander paſſes the greater part of the year ſhut up amidſt his herds of rein-deer; whereas the Patagonian is perpetually a ſtroller, for he lives entirely by hunting and fiſhing. Beſides, the firſt travellers to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of theſe two nations, have greatly exagerated the ſmallneſs of the one, and the magnitude of the other, becauſe they ſaw the Laplanders ſquatted on the floor of their ſmoky huts; and the Patagonians in a poſition which magnifies every ob-

ject, namely, at a diſtance, on the ſummit of their rocky ſhores, whither they flock as ſoon as a veſſel appears, and through the fogs which are ſo frequent in their climates, and which, it is well known greatly increaſe the apparent ſize of all bodies, eſpecially when in the Horizon, by refracting the light wherewith they are ſurrounded.

The Swedes and Norwegians, who inhabit ſimilar latitudes, in which the cold prevents, as it is alledged, the expanſion of the human body, are of the ſame ſtature with the natives of Senegal, where the heat, for the oppoſite reaſon, ought to favour growth; and neither the one nor the other is taller than we are. Man, over the whole Globe, is at the centre of all magnitudes, of all movements, and of all harmonies. His ſtature, his limbs, his organs, have proportions ſo adjuſted to all the works of Nature, that ſhe has rendered them invariable as their combination. He conſtitutes himſelf alone, a genus which has neither claſs nor ſpecies, dignified, by way of excellence, with the title of Mankind.

He forms a real family, all the members of which are ſcattered over the face of the Earth, to collect her productions, and are capable of maintaining a moſt wonderful correſpondence, adapted to their mutual neceſſities. Man has been, in every age, the friend of Man, not merely from the intereſts of commerce, but by the more ſacred the more indiſſoluble, bands of Humanity. Sages appeared, two or three thouſand years ago, in the Eaſt, and their wiſdom is now illuminating us at the remoteſt verge of the Weſt. To-day, a ſavage is oppreſſed in the wilds of America; he ſends his arrow round from family to family, from nation to nation, and the flame of war is kindled in the four quarters of the Globe. We are all bondſmen for each other.

We ſhall frequently recur to this great truth, which is the baſis of the morality of ſubjects as well

as of Sovereigns. The happineſs of every individual is attached to the happineſs of mankind. He is under obligation to exert himſelf for the general good, becauſe his own depends on it. But intereſt is not the only motive which renders virtue a duty to him; to Nature he is indebted for its ſublimeſt leſſons. Being born deſtitute of inſtinct, he was laid under the neceſſity of forming his intellect on her productions. He could imagine nothing but after the models of every kind with which ſhe had preſented him. He was inſtructed in deviſing and perfecting the mechanic Arts, from plans ſuggeſted by the induſtry of animals; and in the liberal Arts and Sciences, after the model of Nature's own immediate harmonies and plans. To her ſublime ſtudies he is indebted for a light which illuminates no other animal. Inſtinct diſcovers to the animal it's neceſſities only; but Man alone, has raiſed himſelf from the dark womb of profound ignorance, to the knowledge and belief of a GOD.

Original Poetry.

BEAUTY—A POEM.

DELIVERED AT *CAMBRIDGE*, ON THE ANIVERSARY *COMMENCEMENT*, JULY 20, 1796.

As different manners ſuit the differing clime,
And faſhion changes with the lapſe of time;
So fickle taſte, no ſteady law can bind,
And beauty varies with the varying mind.

When great Eliza, Britain's ſcepter ſway'd,
And baffled Spain confeſs'd the warlike maid,
The taper waiſt was beauty's faireſt grace,
And the neat coif impriſon'd half the face.
The cautious fair, leſt nature's charm ſhould move,
The wanton boſom to unhallowed love,

And the rude eye with guilty zeal poſſeſs'd,
Should gaze too fondly on the heaving breaſt;
Conceal'd each grace which lawleſs paſſion fired,
And ſweet temptation ſick'ned and expired.
Then modeſt ſtiffneſs was the fair one's boaſt,
And ſhe was lovelier who conceal'd the moſt.

Still with the age the heart congenial grew,
By taſte directed, and to faſhion true;
Still as refinement on the boſom ſtole,
The thought expanded and enlarged the ſoul,
Beauty in ambuſh, or in part diſplay'd,
Was magic ſtill, and ſtill the heart betray'd.

Now, older grown, and with our age more wiſe
We brook no more concealment or diſguiſe;
Laugh at the bluſh and turn with careleſs ſneer
Should modeſt virtue dare approach too near.

Now other arts become the female's care,
The waiſt, how ſhort'ned, and the breaſt how bare,
And we, ſubmiſſive to their well plan'd law
Adore not beauties which we never ſaw.

The petit maitre with obſequious toil,
Flatters his miſtreſs, and implores her ſmile;
Of each perfume invokes the balmy aid,
And ſighs his ditty to her eye brow made.

The well coin'd oath declares her moſt divine,—
Her ſhape, the graces, and her voice, the nine;
Her eye more piercing than the ſhaft of Jove,
Her mein more charming than the queen of love;
While juſt remov'd, the toilette's varied load,
Had lent thoſe charms which nature ne'er beſtow'd,
Here fair coſmetics pil'd in order lie,
And murdered mice that died to grace the eye;
Here paſtes are ranged, nor do the colors fail,
Which wake the bluſh, or bid the cheek grow pale.

Dear, friendly Rouge, thy many virtues claim,
A bard more noble to advance thy fame;
Thy charms unnumbered, and thy worth no leſs,
The choiceſt gift a female could poſſeſs.

Without thine aid, how oft would vile diſgrace
Attend the ſallow, or the freckled face?

The antique maid would be confined to truth,
Nor paint again her faded cheek with youth:
The ſpoils of age would then, alaſs, be ſeen,
Nor winter's froſt be decked in vernal green.
A thouſand plagues would female power oppoſe,
And nature ſometimes might herſelf diſcloſe.
With their aſſiſtance, ſuch defects are ſmall,
Appear as beauties, or no faults at all.
The modeſt fair can bluſh, or ſwoon polite,
And with thy power convince us black is white,
Attract the eye, and captivate the ſoul,
With homemade graces, and the charm ſhe ſtole,
Here nature claims no fond maternal part,
And beauty lives the ſpurious brat of art.

The dark Caffarian in ſome lonely ſhade,
Sighs for the beauties of his ſable maid;
In howling tone recounts her matchleſs grace,
And all the charms which deck her ebon face.
A noſe, which proves that nature ſometimes play'd,
And lips, which ſure ſhe laugh'd at when ſhe made,
A ſhape, more hideous than the midnight dream,
Or nurſe could form to ſtill her bantling's ſcream,
To him are perfect, and forever prove,
The richeſt ſources of the warmeſt love.
Here beauty ſeems the conſequence of evil,
And in its faſhions apes our foe the devil.

Aſk the ſage Chineſe, where his beauties lie?
The tooth dark coloured, and the leſſened eye;
The foot, how pigmyed, and the hobling gait,
And in the gewgaws of Aſiatic ſtate.

Look thro' creation, and at laſt declare,
That, what is beauty here, is odious there;
That formal beauty is at beſt a name,
It's father, cuſtom, and caprice its dame;
That, in the mind alone thoſe beauties grow,
Which conquer reaſon, and true bliſs beſtow.

Too long the breaſt which heaves inviting high,
The lip luxurious, or the wanton eye,
Have proved too potent for the unſkill'd boy,
And chained the affections to ſome laughing toy.

O, may the muſe anticipate the hour,
When nobly free from ſuch fantaſtic pow'r,
The youth ſhall ſigh, not for the ball room grace,
Or the weak beauties of a pretty face,
Nor when he loves, with curious eye ſhall view,
The mean attractions of a graceful ſhoe;
But aſk, if ſenſe, with depth of judgment join'd,
Shine with unfading ſplendor on her mind.
When triſling beauties ſhall not wake the ſong,
But paſs unnoticed e'en amid the throng;
When nobler charms ſhall ſpurn degrading art,
And reaſon bow where love ſhall lead the heart.

FOR THE NIGHTINGALE.

MESSRS EDITORS,

I DON'T know what to write about. When I take up my pen to lucubrate, ſo many ſubjects crowd before me at once, that I cannot make a choice if I were to die.—take then a mere farrago of obſervations, ſuggeſted by themes as they riſe before me.—

Imprimis.—Virtue—Who can behold, without loving her?—Her form is more graceful than ancient poets could paint—her face, more beautiful than the ſtar beſpangled ſky—her voice more melodious than the harmony of the ſpheres.

Female Envy—It is more venemous than the poiſon of the rattle ſnake—more falſe than many tongued Fame, and will exiſt, until merit and elegance are buried in the ruins of creation.

Male Envy—It preys upon real excellence like a book-worm upon the pages of a Robertſon. Its conſtant employ is to undermine a fabric of Literary or Political glory, and had rather be cruſhed by the falling edifice than deſiſt from its baſe operations.

Candor—The moſt benign of all the virtues, moſt implored, moſt adored, and ſeldom ſeen.